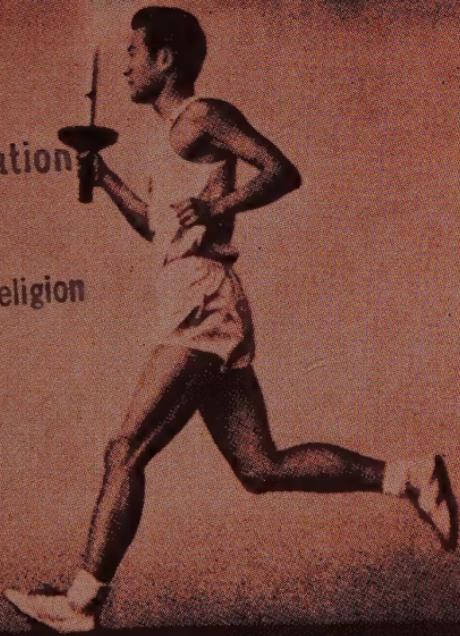


Youth

GROWING UP WITH YOUR EMOTIONS
HOW A FAVORITE BIBLE VERSE HELPED
TEENS TACKLE TITLES IN TOKYO

Religious Education
EXHIBIT
Pacific School of Religion



XVIII

OLYMPIC GAMES

OCT. 10-24



BUSTER MATHIS / heavyweigh

ROY SAARI / 1500-meter freestyle



SHARON STOUDER / women's butterfly and freestyle

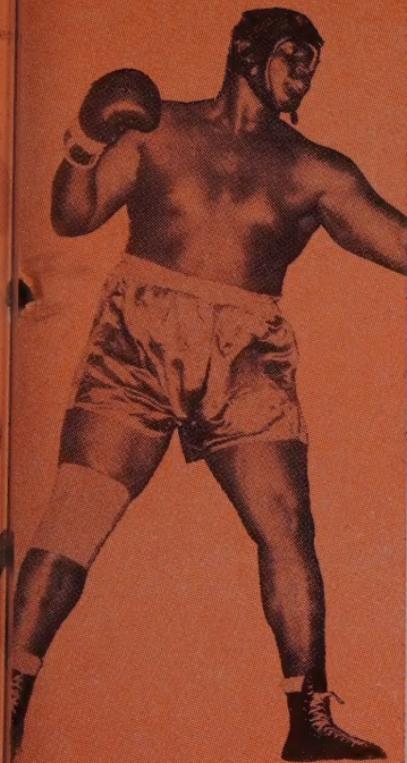
TEEN TIME



WYOMIA TYUS / women's 100-meter dash

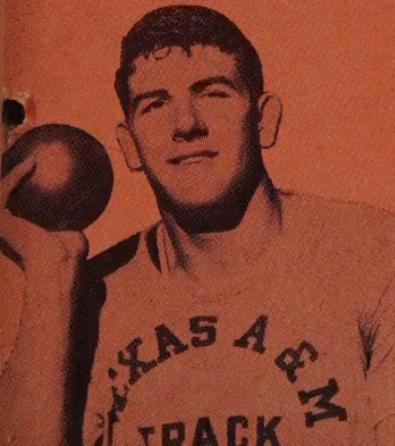


GERRY LINDGREN / 10,000-meter run



N TOKYO

RANDY MATSON / shot put



Sooner or later during the next few weeks, some advocate of alliteration is going to coin a cool one: "Teen Time in Tokyo." For in the Olympic Games of Tokyo, celebrating the 18th Olympiad of the modern era (dating from 1896), a flock of teens will refute the oft-heard lament that America's young people are physical softies. From October 10 to 23, the United States will have an impressive representation of teens in at least a half-dozen sports.

In fact, the dominant figures on both the men's and women's swimming teams are athletes who only recently seceded from their mothers' apron strings. To give you an idea of the accent on youth, there is a recent utterance by Lynn Burke, who won the 100-meter backstroke event and was a member of the winning United States team in the 400-meter medley relay at the 1960 Olympics in Rome.

Some weeks ago, Lynn helped with TV coverage of the Olympic swimming trials in New York. Somebody asked her whether she felt she could make the 1964 team. "Frankly, I doubt it," she replied. "I'm too old." For the record, Lynn Burke has just turned 21.

America's top entrant in men's swimming is a blond, muscular 18-year-old named Don Schollander, who will represent the U. S. in the 100-meter and 200-meter freestyle races, and probably will be on the 400-meter relay and the 800-meter freestyle relay teams. A native of South Dakota who moved to Santa Clara, Calif., so he could join the Santa Clara Swim



Even in the earliest Olympi

Club, the finest collection of water bugs in the nation, Don holds the world records in both the 200-meter freestyle and the 400-meter freestyle.

Schollander isn't the only top-notch teen entered in the men's competition. Another Santa Clara Swim Club product, 17-year-old Dick Roth, is a contender for the gold medal in the 400-meter individual medley; Dick is the world record-holder for the event. Swimming experts wouldn't be at all astonished, however, if 19-year-old Roy Saari, of El Segundo, Calif., were to finish ahead of Roth. In the 1500-meter freestyle race, Saari is the co-favorite with Australia's Murray Rose. Roy recently broke the world's record in the 1500-meter freestyle—the equivalent to breaking the four-minute mile in track.

In the women's competition, Sharon Stouder, 15, of City of Commerce, Calif., could win gold medals in both the 100-meter freestyle and the 200-meter butterfly. Donna de Varona, 17, of the Santa Clara Swim Club, is regarded as the best girl swimmer in the U. S. today, is considered the favorite in the 400-meter freestyle and the 400-meter individual medley and also will be a member of the 400-meter freestyle and the 400-meter medley relay teams. Rated almost on a par with Donna in the individual 400-meter freestyle is 16-year-old Marilyn Ramenofsky, of Phoenix, Ariz. Yet another Santa Clara swimmer, Claudia Klob, 14, is regarded as a potential winner in the 200-meter breaststroke.

Most imposing teen in the men's track and field competition is 19-year-old Randy Matson, of Texas A. & M.—"imposing" is a good word for Randy who, at six-feet-seven and 240 pounds, is still growing. A shot-putter, Matson doesn't figure to top his teammate, Dallas Long, holder of the world record

Youth

September 27, 1964
Vol. 15 No. 17

Editor / Herman C. Ahrens, Jr.

Associate Editor / Joan Hemenway

Art Consultant / Charles Newton

Administrative Secretary / Clara Utermohlen

**Editorial Address / Room 800, 1505 Race St.,
Philadelphia, Pa. 19102**



n athletes were competitors

ut he could place second or third—and just imagine how Randy will be our years hence, after he has attained full growth.

In the 10,000-meter run, which never has been won by a U. S. athlete, America's hope is 18-year-old Gerry Lindgren, of Seattle, Wash. In the dual meet between the U. S. and Russia two months ago, Gerry, running the 10,000 for only the second time in his life (his specialty was the 5000-meters), soundly defeated the two Russian entrants, who are considered among the world's best. Possibly, another teen, Jim Ryun, 17, of Wichita, Kans., will be one of the U. S. representatives in the 1500-meter run.

In women's track and field, 17-year-old Janell Smith, of Fredonia, Kans., accorded a better-than-poor chance to win the 400-meter run. Neither Wyomia Tyus, 19, of Tennessee State College, in the 100-meter dash, or 16-year-old Debbie Thompson, of Frederick, Md., in the 200-meters, is considered a contender for a gold medal this year, but both are being groomed for the 1968 Olympics.

Not since 1904 has the U. S. won a gold medal in cycling, and it is unlikely that there will be any break-through this year. But the sport is coming alive again in this country, and there is hope that 1968 will see at least one American victory in a cycling event. Being counted upon to lead the resurgence is Craig Currie, 19, of Villanova, Pa., a sophomore at Williams College, who will compete at Tokyo. Cycling experts predict that, with the experience of participating in the Games this year, together with its interim development, Currie will be a contender in '68.

On the U. S. boxing team are two teens, both from Grand Rapids, Mich. One is a lightweight, 17-year-old Ron Harris. The other is a 19-year-old

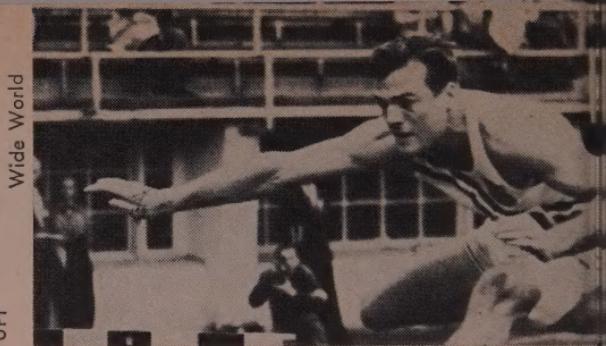
YOUTH magazine is prepared for the young people of the United Church of Christ. Published weekly throughout the year (except during July and August, when monthly) by United Church Press. **Publication office:** 1720 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. 63103. Second class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Accepted for mailing at a special rate of postage, provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized June 30, 1943.

Subscription rates: Single subscriptions, \$3.00 a year. For group rates write for order blank. Single copies, 15 cents each.

Subscription offices: Division of Publication, United Church Board for Homeland Ministries, United Church of Christ, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102, or The Pilgrim Press, 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02108.



LYNN BURKE / 1960 swimmer



BOB MATHIAS / 1952 decathlon winner

Wide World
UPI

The man who played Tarzan

heavyweight, who has to be seen to be believed. He is Buster Mathis, six feet-three and 295 pounds. At first look, he appears to be a monument of fat. In the ring, however, he is speedy and graceful. An immensely appealing fellow, Buster is eager to fight for the Olympic title.

"Man," he exclaims, "I'm gonna bring it back alive! And I ain't gonna be no Muslim, either." This last is a crack at Cassius Clay, who won the Olympic light-heavyweight title for the U. S. in 1960. Clay, now more or less regarded as the professional heavyweight champion of the world, calls himself Muhammad Ali and says he has become a Black Muslim.

While the accent on youth in Tokyo will be particularly noticeable, teenagers have been participating—and winning—in the Olympic Games since ancient times.

In the first Olympic Games at Olympia, Greece, in 776 B.C., a 17-year-old cook, Coroebus of Elis, won the one-stade race (approximately 200 yards). A non-winning teen in the Olympics in about 430 B.C. was a young runner from Macedonia who was beaten in one of the sprints. A few years later, he started a winning streak of sorts; his name: Alexander the Great.

Coming up to the modern Olympics, in the 1920 Games at Antwerp, Belgium, Aileen Riggan won the springboard diving competition for the U. S. in women's swimming; she was 13 years old. In Berlin 16 years later, another 13-year-old American girl won the women's springboard diving.

Still seen occasionally on the very-late, late shows on TV are some of the Tarzan-the-Ape Man movies which star Johnny Weissmuller. For more than 20 years Weissmuller made Tarzan movies, became independently wealthy and gained wider popularity than perhaps any other Olympic champion in history. He became so familiar a figure as Tarzan that in 1950, when the U. S. sports writers voted him the greatest swimmer of the first half of the 20th Century, literally millions of persons throughout the world were astonished to learn that this Tarzan really could swim.

Weissmuller was 19 when he came onto the Olympic scene with a bang. At the Games in Paris in 1924, Johnny won the 100-meter and 400-meter freestyle races, setting new Olympic records in each, then earned a third gold medal by anchoring the victorious U. S. 800-meter relay team.



DIDRIKSON / 1932 women's track

Wide World



JOHNNY WEISSMULLER / 1928 swimming champ

UPI

med the world's greatest swimmer

Perhaps the greatest U. S. teen of all in the Olympics was Mildred "Babe" Didrikson. During the U. S. women's track and field trials prior to the 1932 Olympics at Los Angeles, the 18-year-old Babe won five of the eight events, tied for first in another and failed to place in only one. Under a special Olympic rule for women, she was permitted to enter only three events at the Games.

She proceeded to win the javelin throw, and set a new world record. Then she won the 80-meter hurdles race, establishing a new world record. She tied for first in the high jump, but in the jump-off was disqualified for "diving." A since-rescinded rule required that a jumper's feet go over the bar first.

Reporters, who had heard that the Babe was also an accomplished athlete in swimming, tennis, golf and baseball, asked her: "Is there anything you don't play?"

"Yeah," she replied. "Dolls." (Before she died in 1959, the Babe—by then Mrs. George Zaharias—had come to be regarded as the greatest woman golfer of all time.)

The list of teen standouts in the Olympics is long and impressive: Bob Mathias, a 17-year-old, winning the decathlon at London in 1948 ("We sent a boy to do a man's job and he did it far better than any man ever could," said one of the U. S. team's coaches); 16-year-old Chris von Saltza and 17-year-old Lynn Burke winning two gold medals each for the U. S. in women's swimming at Rome in 1960, and Germany's Ingrid Kramer, 17, winning both the platform and springboard diving events in the same Games. There were many others.

In the yachting competition at the 1960 Olympics, a Greek vessel won the Dragon Class race. Its 19-year-old skipper was listed as Constantino di Grecia, which didn't cause much of a stir. In the course of events of the last four years he has become much better known. He now is King Constantine of Greece.

—EDGAR WILLIAMS

EDGAR WILLIAMS / Although a staff person on *Today*, the Sunday supplement for the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, Ed Williams contributes frequently to *YOUTH* magazine and other national and regional publications.

youth in **the** **NEWS**



cago YMCA Hotel honors 30 millionth guest

cause Judy Chapman of Bellevue, O., happened to be the 30 millionth guest of the YMCA Hotel in Chicago, she was treated royally for three days, being whisked from one place to another. First Judy was invited to Marina City (left) where she looked over Chicago from the height of 60 stories. She met the governor at lunch and visited the White House manager at Comiskey Park. The 19-year-old coed, whose father is a minister of the United Church of Christ, met Dr. William Rest, conference minister of the Illinois Conference (UCC). Midway in her Chicago stay, Y Hotel officials placed a call to Judy's parents who were vacationing in New England. "Mother, I'll never believe where I've been. I've been fabulous."

Walter cautions Lutheran youths on "deep moral crisis"

merica faces greater moral and religious problems than those of an economic and social nature. Walter W. Luther, president of the United Auto Workers, told 12,000 members of the Luther League of the American Lutheran Church. "For the first time in history we have technical ability, thanks to automation, to satisfy the massive material needs of humanity," he said, "but we still need to develop the ability of filling the needs of the inner man. . . . The important thing is not what you have, but what you do with what you have. The test should not be how much purpose do you have." Youth delegates (right) came from many states, but mostly from the rural Midwest.



Methodist youth ask support of Rights Act

The National Conference of Methodist Youth Fellowship adopted a resolution urging Methodist youth "to support wholeheartedly the Civil Rights Act, in witness and attitude.

... The task remains for us to strive to transcribe the principles of the Act from the books of law to the hearts of men everywhere," the 500 delegates declared in their meeting in Lafayette, Ind. They also endorsed resolutions supporting the federal Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and calling for non-discriminatory immigration laws.

Greek Orthodox youth hear plea for "moral perfection"

Members of the Greek Orthodox Youth of America (GOYA) were urged at its 13th International Conference to make "moral perfection" the major goal in life. "Although life itself is one constant struggle for survival, there is another far more important war that we must wage, and that is the struggle for perfection," Father Constantine N. Leftheris of Pensacola, Fla., told about 3000 Greek Orthodox youth meeting in New Orleans. While what a man does is important, the priest said, his actions depend largely "upon what he believes, upon what ideas he has concerning the world and his existence."

Presbyterian youth urge "less reserve" in ecumenism

Young people meeting in Frankfurt, Germany, called on the churches to show "less reserve" in the effort toward greater Christian unity. A

document submitted to the 1971 General Council of the World Presbyterian Alliance by a youth conference held prior to the Council sessions specifically urged wider inter-denominational celebration of Holy Communion. "Not the individual church but Christ is host" in celebration of the Lord's Supper, the document said as it declared that "obedience to God" supersedes loyalties to individual denominations.

Indiana Quakers establish yearly meeting for youth

For the first time, the Indiana Yearly Meeting of Friends (Quakers) revised its usual program to include items of special interest to youth during various sessions. Each of the state's 92 Monthly meetings (are units) had been asked to send at least one youth delegate of high school or college age to the 144th annual session. The Young Friends Yearly Meeting, attended by 98 delegates, produced an epistle, a traditional Quaker message, which was read before the final session of the parent group and sent to other young Friends' groups throughout the world.

Convention leader suggests "each one win one" policy

Mel White, 24, president of the Youth Convention of the Church of God (Anderson, Ind.) called on the young people to do "simply what we know to do" to improve the world. "What would happen if 5000 of us here would win one friend to Christ each year and encourage them to win one?" he asked. "By 1974 . . . the church would be enriched by over five million new Christians."



Oh, yeah? Well, I'll bet my Bible as more passages underlined than our Bible!"

YOUNG PILLARS /



"Oh, no . . . It looks like we're in for another sermon from the Gospel according to the Readers Digest."



"Just a little push helps these kids get into the swing of things," says Bill Huie.

and come out laughing . . .

Susan Barker patiently turns blind thumbs into creative fingers on a handicraft project.



"I can't!"

The boy in the yellow trunks flails at the water as his companion slips a protective arm underneath his head.

"Yes, you can."

"I can't!" the boy bellows again.

"You know what I'm going to do if you don't try?"

"What?"

"It's so terrible I can't even tell you."

The boy in the yellow trunks giggles with gleeful anticipation, mustering up just enough courage to try the butterfly stroke.

"Move those legs, Willie! Just like a bicycle!" cries another young counselor to his charge.

And at the opposite end of the pool, a girl in a flowered bathing cap lifts small child into the water and carries her around until she is willing to venture out on her own.

Teen-age counselors teaching youngsters to swim? Routine—except that the counselors are volunteers and the youngsters are blind.

The Columbia Lighthouse for the Blind, in Washington, D. C., offers a day camp for children during the summer. The staff members depend on the good will of responsible teenagers to help keep it going. The young people always come through. Not only do most have to volunteer five days of work a week—they must be willing to undergo a week of intensive training before they even know whether or not they are accepted.

During one phase of their training, the volunteers are blindfolded to experience living without sight.

"It's really not the same as being blind, though," says Susan Barker, a pretty, dark-haired counselor. "Even though our eyes are closed, we can't help but see pictures in our minds. When the instructor told us to stand in a circle, we had a mental image of how this would look. Blind children don't know whether they are to face in or out. Every detail has to be taught from the beginning."

"I always have the reassurance that if I get in a really tight place I can lift the blindfold," says another counselor, Bill Huie. "Imagine how I'd feel if there were no blindfold to lift. It took a whole morning just to get these kids familiar with the location of the lobby and rest rooms."

Sue, a native of Maryland, recently graduated from high school and plans to go to college. She would like to be a social worker, majoring in psychology. She enjoys the swimming class at day camp best of all because it gives her the opportunity to work with a child individually.

"I like sports if they're not too strenuous," she laughs. "Miniature golf—that's my speed. I'm not the real outdoor type."

Bill, however, is the outdoor type. He, too, will be entering college soon, and wants to major in forestry and conservation. His schedule is no enviable one. He is up at six in the morning to get to the day camp by 8:30. When the last class is over, he has just enough time to gulp down supper

the blindfold for these kids never comes off . . .

Although these little day camp dynamos are blind, they are treated as normally as possible.



and get to a second job some 20 miles away. There he works until eleven at night. And then the alarm goes off and it's time for camp again.

The little campers learn innumerable skills. From September to June they go to regular schools with sighted children. But the day camp offers them an even wider variety of classes—interpretive dancing, cooking, nature study, Braille music and reading, typing, dramatics, handwriting, abacus, math, sewing, rope jumping, and roller skating, among others.

In addition, staff instructors at the Lighthouse teach the children the technical skills of mobility. At the proper age, children learn how to use a cane so that it always precedes them a full step. By tapping it, they learn to distinguish between wood, cement, or stone. And by sensitive attention to the sound of the echo of their footsteps and the feel of the air on their faces, they learn when they have come to the end of the block or whether they are merely passing by an alley.

They also learn to be graceful. Most children are restless even when they can watch what is going on. For blind children, sitting still takes heroic effort, and they often break the monotony by flexing their fingers or wobbling their heads. Here they are taught to develop poise.

The youngsters are treated as ordinary children because, except for the loss of sight, that's exactly what they are. They are given understanding and affection, but no coddling. Everything is done with the assumption that they will lead normal lives as adults. In cooking class, the volunteer says, "Now we're going to make pudding. When you grow up and have families of your own, this is something you'll need to know how to do." And the next ten minutes are spent trying to open a milk carton, difficult enough for those with 20/20 vision.

Humor is often the best teacher; in this the volunteers are unequaled.

"Why can't I float that way if I want to?" pouts one of the little swimmers for the umpteenth time.

"Because you have an ugly stomach and I'm tired of looking at it," says the counselor good-naturedly. "Now turn over." The child grins and obeys. "Everybody talks about how rewarding this kind of work is," Sue sighs. When I go home at night, I don't think, 'My, what a rewarding day!' I sink down in a chair and think how exhausted I am. Sometimes I want to cry for these children and sometimes I just want to clobber them. The reward part of all this isn't something you think about. It just keeps you going back day after day."

When Sue first began work at the day camp, she was directing a game called, "Hot Potato." She asked one of the children to be "it" and turn his back so he couldn't see. Then she stopped, aghast at what she had said, only to have the little boy calmly turn his back as directed.

"Oh, I've seen one of those before," the children frequently say when they hear a description of something familiar, which shows how much they adopt the speech mannerisms of other children.

"Watch where you're going," Bill teases when a child lumbers into a bush.

It's a constant battle to overcome the obstacles imposed by their handicap, but the kids usually come out laughing. Laughter, jokes, and animated talk are perhaps the most noticeable characteristics of the day camp.

Though the volunteers accept a job without pay because they genuinely love the work, there are some decided advantages. For one, it looks pretty impressive to future employers that these teens proved themselves dependable even on a volunteer job. And the experience alone proves invaluable.

One of the present staff members at the Lighthouse started out as just such a volunteer. She became so interested in the work that she wrote her master's thesis on the motor development of blind children and won a Fulbright scholarship to India to study blind children there. Now she is back at the Lighthouse as a supervisor.

There are other rewards, too. One is the result of Willie, a blind Negro child. "I'm a southerner," Bill says, "raised in Kentucky, and I was always prejudiced. Then I came here and met Willie. I saw how well he got along with everybody—everybody doing the same things together and going the same places—and suddenly it hit me—how the whole issue of segregation is a man-made problem. It was really a big discovery for me."

Though many communities do not have such an extensive program for blinded persons, there is always a need for service of some type. Every community has blind children and young people who would enjoy picnics and concerts and a host of other activities if someone or some group would only invite them. Social belonging and companionship are what they miss most. And that's what these teenagers try to give. As one volunteer said, "The least we can do—those of us who have eyes—is to share them."

—PHYLLIS R. NAYLOR

PHYLLIS NAYLOR / Articles with this by-line appear in many Protestant youth publications, for Mrs. Naylor makes free-lance writing her top pastime. Her home is Takoma Park, Md., a suburb of Washington, D.C.

Alec wants to know . . .

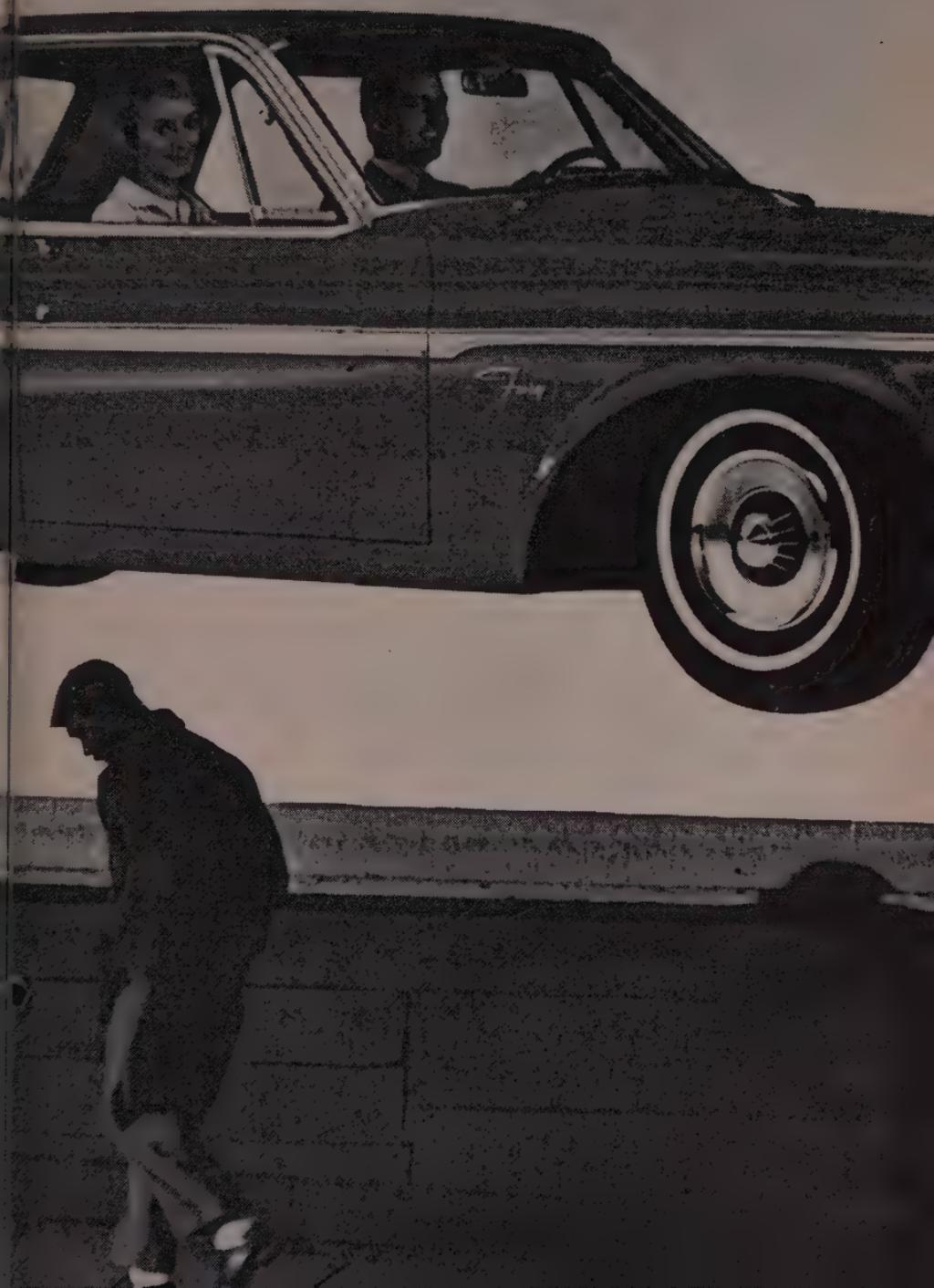
This is not a pretty story . . . but we cannot avoid these honest questions for which Alec has no answers yet.

Alec is a nickname. My real name is W. Alexander Harrison III. Real impressive for a 15-year-old, huh? I'll bet you sort of picture me as an average Caucasian, upper-middle class teen-ager, whose parents have plans for me becoming strictly upper class. But don't let the name fool you. I'm far from upper-middle class, I'm far from Caucasian, and I guess I gotta say it—I'm far from average.

I was born, out of wedlock, 15 years ago last June, in the charity ward of our city hospital. So you see, when people who have read this far are starting to think that I'm a sort of smart alec so and so, they're right in all three counts! Mamma, she's worked on and off—mostly off—as a domestic (That's a glorified name for the kind of woman you call in when there's work that's too hard or too dirty for you to do), and she's okay, but she's had pretty much trouble with the men in her life. Brothers and sisters? Well, they're sort of related to her trouble. But if you really want to know, begin at the number 15 and start counting down, you know 14, 13, 12, and so on, and skip a number here and there (where kids have died, or Mamma's been good for a while), and go on down to one, and you'll get a rough idea of our ages and how many of us Mamma is trying to support. My father? I never knew him. As I said, Mamma had trouble with men, and every other brother and sister has a different father. W. Alexander Harrison, Jr., must have had pretty much on the ball, intellectually speaking, or else where did I get all my brains? Home life? We have an apartment in a "deluxe" setting.

Fifty years ago, I'll bet it was a real nice single-family affair, but now we've got four families living in it, real cozy like. We all share the same bathroom (when it's working), and I share a bed with two or three of Mamma's other kids, and the whole family shares the same





Alec wants to know . . .

nine by eleven living room; so like I said, it's real cozy. And in the winter, we're glad it is so cozy, 'cause that's about the only way we can keep warm!

As I begin to ask you some questions, let's lay some ground rules, shall we? These questions are about *you*, dear reader, in relation to *me*, not in relation to my mother and her morals. Sure it's easy to slough me off by pointing the finger of righteous indignation at Mamma, but I'm asking these questions about me, the "innocent victim of my mother's folly." Hey, wouldn't that sound great with a violin playing in the background?

Okay. Let's get going, shall we? Let's talk about things theological in this go-around. Let's talk about God and love and Christian service and Christian vocation and that sort of jazz. And remember, I'm only asking the questions; it's going to be up to you to do the answering.

About God and his love and his regulations: My preacher tells me that God created me. I'll buy that. He also tells me that God loves me. For the sake of argument, I'll even buy that. Finally, my preacher tells me that this God who created me and loves me, also expects me to obey a few rules and regulations so that I can get to heaven one day. You know—honor my mother and father, no stealing, or coveting, and things like that.

So first of all, if I want to get to heaven, I'm supposed to honor sweet old Mom and dear old Dad. Come off it! When I look at her all I

feel is disgust or pity. When I think of him all I feel is hate. So all I come up with is pretty dismal stuff. This God who created me and loves me put me into the situation I'm in, yet he expects me to honor two people who aren't worthy of the slightest bit of respect. If I honor them, I'm a fake. So what I hear Christianity saying to me is, "Be a fake, if you want to get to heaven." Where am I wrong in my thinking . . . you tell me, huh?

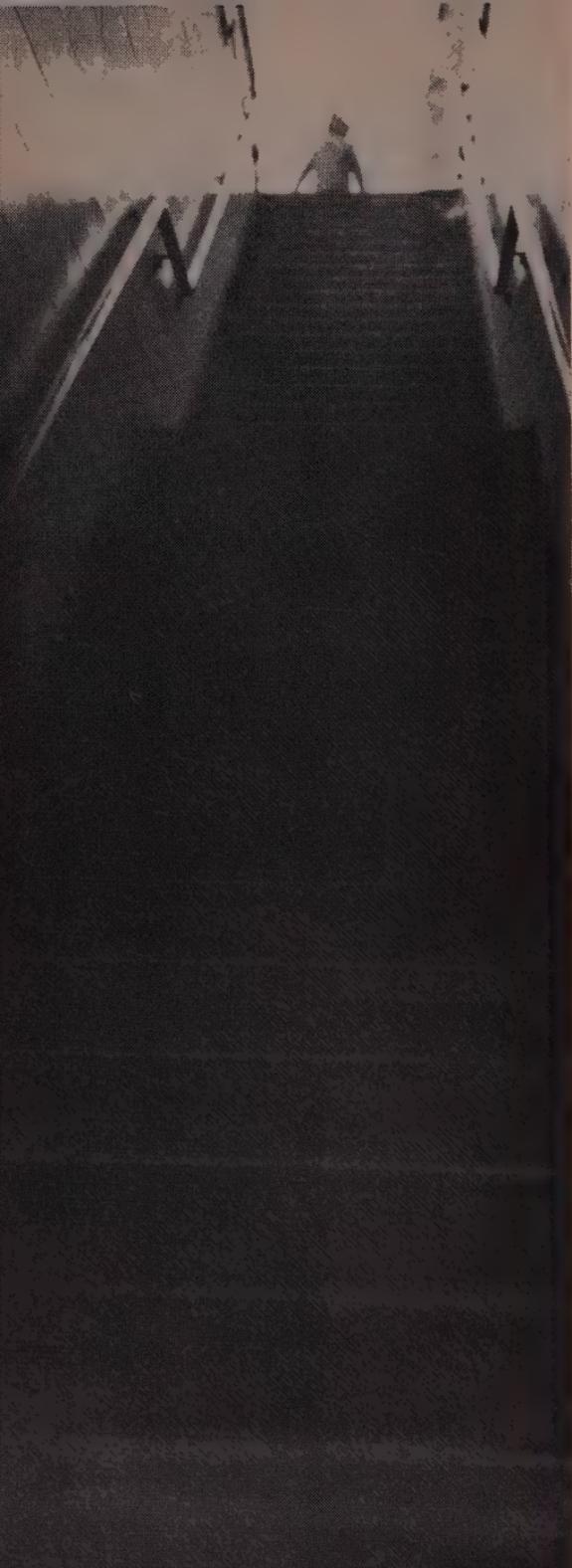
So, let's look at stealing. Have ever stolen anything? You bet I have! This God who created me and loves me put me into a family where there's no money at all for a so-called allowance. He has me at an age, and he's given me a color skin, where I can't find a job, not even a crummy one. So what am I to do for life necessities—like candy bars and soda and a movie and a dance now and then? Well, the only answer I can come up with is to make like Robin Hood. I swipe little things from the rich (who won't actually miss them) to give to the poor, namely me. It's all petty larceny stuff; I've taken shoes so I could go to school, clothes for the same reason. I've grabbed a pair of swimming trunks so that I could go swimming at a community center pool, and I've helped myself to a little change here and there for spending money. Now don't get up on your high horse! I only steal what I absolutely got to have, so I can go to school, so I can get a school lunch twice a week (so that I won't go hungry every day at least). Yet the Good Book tells

e, "Thou shalt not." Okay, what am I to do? I honestly await your suggestions.

Last in this area, let's talk about coveting. Man, I spend every waking hour doing just that! Maybe if I was like you and yours, and had a nice home and money to get even a few things, maybe then I'd be satisfied and not have my mouth watering every time I pass a restaurant or a clothing store. But I'm not like you, am I? So once again I come up with a problem. Am I supposed to pretend I don't want the things you take for granted? Do I have to be a phony if I want to follow the regulations of this God who created me and loves me? Isn't that what he is asking me to be—a phony? Okay, "Dear Abby," what's the real scoop here?

I've asked you three specific questions, but in my orderly and logical mind, they are building up to an overall question that is much more important, and that is simply this: Don't God and his love and his regulations actually put you in your situation better than they do me in mine? I mean, you probably had a mother and a father who were worthy of honor. You probably never HAD to steal. And you probably had enough of the finer things in life so that your tongue wasn't hanging out for everything in sight. So, isn't Christianity more for you and your kind than for me and mine?





Alec wants to know . . .

And don't you have to admit that you're asking me to be a phony if I try to follow it? But can you answer me? Friend, don't think you can!

About Christian Service: Every Christmas Eve one of our bros answers a knock on the door and is met by a heavy-laden society matron bearing gifts: a few toys, some underwear and socks, a few canned goods and the like. She hustles in, breathing through her mouth so she won't get sick from the smells she isn't used to, and she says "Merry Christmas from such an old church." And we say "Thank you" with much feeling and emotion, like this woman heaven's gift to us (only we have to cram all that thanks into about ten seconds, 'cause it's obvious she wants to get out of there as fast as her fifty-five dollar shoes will carry her), and she leaves. And the reason we say our thanks with so much emotion is because we learned our lesson a few years back. That's the year we didn't get any Christmas basket, and we found out later that the reason we didn't get one was because Alec and I quote, "we didn't act appreciative enough the year before."

So once again I've gotta' be a phony. I gotta' pretend like you're the greatest thing on earth, so that you'll be *willing* to pretend that you're doing real Christian service in the years

me. Tell me truthfully, do you practice this charity once a year to meet my needs, or do you do it to meet yours, you know, so you won't feel so guilty about what you're NOT doing in relation to my real plight—
a decent place to live, like half chance to be somebody someday? Is Christian service, like God and we, something that works for you and your middle class society, but isn't about to work for me and mine? Answers, please, I am waiting to hear!

Finally, about Christian vocation: Here I will quote from the same teacher who has been filling my head with these other ideas we've been talking about: "All work is God-ordained. Any job is a God-given vocation, and the dedicated Christian should see his work as a way to glorifying the God who created him." And do you know, if I were a doctor, or a lawyer, or a businessman, or a skilled craftsman, in short, if I were middle-class and up, I think I could buy this. I expect you can. But close your eyes for a minute and conjure up an image. Watch me, standing on one end of dishwasher in a big restaurant. Here I am, sweating, chafing, hating this work reserved for winos and x-cons and people like me. Now picture me shoving a big load into the machine, and saying loudly as I

do, "Glory to God in the highest! Praise him from whom all blessings flow!" How big a fake could I be? To me, the only blessing I can see, is getting off from work, (I might be tempted to look to a bottle of wine for company), so that I can forget that tomorrow it's gonna' start all over again.

About you and me in conclusion: I've only scratched the surface of the questions I could ask you as we wax theological together. I sure could ask you a lot more. But, maybe sometimes, when other discussions come up and you're tempted to give quick and easy answers, maybe you'll remember me. Maybe you'll stop and think, "Sure, that'll work for me, but how about Alec?"

And as I understand it, you're supposed to be concerned about me and my needs no matter what kind of an impression I make on you. And believe it or not, I'm not asking you these questions to put you in a box. I'm asking 'cause I'd really like some answers, answers that won't make me be a phony, answers that will work for me and my class like they seem to be working for you and yours. Will you try to help me? I sure would like you to, 'cause, man, I sure don't see much sense to it all. And when you're brainy like me, things have gotta make sense, don't they? ▼

ILLIAM W. FINLAW / The boy in this story whose name is W. Alexander Harrison III does not exist. And yet he does, in thousands of kids like him who have his problems and despair, if not his insight into the difficulties Christianity has in reaching him. Alec is the creation of William W. Finlaw, minister of the Episcopal City Mission of the city of St. Louis. In his work as Protestant chaplain to the Juvenile Court and related institutions in the city of St. Louis, Mr. Finlaw works with many Alecs (and Alices) attempting to answer the very questions which Alec raises. How would you answer Alec's questions?



Sometimes the Bible speaks to me personally . . .

Portrait photos by Rosemary [redacted]
of The Washington Evening Star

Teens often hesitate to be honest about the place of the Bible in their everyday lives. But Fifi Gors, editor of *Teen*, a weekly supplement to *The Washington Evening Star*, put the question bluntly to a group of teen delegates attending the Youth Forum in Washington, D.C., in June. The results of her interview were printed in the July 11 edition of *The Evening Star* and what appears here is reprinted by permission and courtesy of *Teen* and *The Evening Star*.

You never know what guides a person. He may appear casual, even unfeeling or unthinking. But down deep he may have a code, something he lives by that determines how he reacts in a given situation.

Take the teenagers from 39 states who were delegates to the national Youth Forum of the United Church of Christ in Washington recently. They were assembled for a week-long study of government and politics, but TEEB cornered some of these Protestant youth and asked them what was their favorite passage in the Bible and why. From their answers you can see that, more than just being a case of having a favorite verse in the Bible, these passages afford the teens some lines to live by.

Here are the teenagers' choices and the reason for the selection:

Mike Matsukawa, 16, of Waimea, Kuai, Hawaii—"I have several passages from the Bible, but one of my favorites is Matthew 6: 6-13. It's about praying. Praying is a daily part of my life and it means so much to me as it should to everyone. The power of prayer can't be measured. It works miracles. I know, because my father was in a terrible car accident. I was 11. My whole family, my mother and two brothers and I prayed all night for his recovery. He was given a 50-50 chance. We prayed and we dozed off, then we prayed some more. Each of us offered our prayers. My father was unconscious. He recovered and now he's fine."



CLARKE /
there was a fire



SANDRA BOONE /
... saw friends beaten



SHERRIE LUTZ /
... has a reminder

Sandra Boone, 17, of Atlanta, Ga.—"In my youth fellowship group we'd been thinking about how we could be successful in the social revolution. Suddenly, we heard some colored people had been locked up for demonstrating and we went down to help. The white people were on one side and the colored on the other. I saw some of my best friends harassed with whips and sticks. They were knocked down and kicked. It made me want to hit and fight, but I kept thinking of that verse in the Bible. It's from 1 Corinthians 13: 1—'If I speak in the tongues of men and angels, but have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.' 'Everybody, on both sides, should think and feel and act with charity and love. That's the only way.'"

Sherrie Lutz, 17, of Falls Church, Va.—"When I get depressed or something goes wrong, Ecclesiastes 3: 1-8 reminds me that there will be days like that. You have to take the good with the bad. Once I broke up with my boy friend after 14 months and I was depressed. I read these verses and it really helped. The verses are: 'There is a season and a time to every purpose under heaven: A time to be born and a time to die; a time to plant and a time to pluck up that which is planted; a time to keep and a time to heal; a time to break down and a time to build up; a time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance; a time to cast away stones and a time to gather stones together, a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing; a time to get and a time to lose; a time to keep and a time to cast away; a time to rend and a time to sew; a time to keep silence and a time to speak; a time to love and a time to hate; a time of war and a time of peace.'"



KATHY NEESE /
... was in a turmoil



PAT FARRAR /
... a quiet feeling



MIKE PUGH /
... the back is bare

Blake R. Gould, 16, of Morrisville, Vt.—"Matthew 25: 14-30, the parable of the talents. It's my philosophy that in life each person is given so much and has to struggle to fulfill it. I've tried to be active in youth groups of various levels. I've been a first-aid instructor at Boy Scout camp. I'm trying to use my talents for instructing and helping people at this point in my life. These verses on the talents should give us an active life. They urge us not only to an active life but to a Christian duty."

Pat Farrar, 17, of Dover, N. H.—"Job 42: 3-6, when Job realizes he's imperfect. No matter what I do, these verses quiet me. If you think you're great, read something like this, or if you've done something wrong. It makes me see how far I have to go."

Mike Pugh, 16, of Sioux Falls, S. Dak.—"If you've ever read Ephesians 6: 10 to 17, you realize one thing. If you turn and run from a problem, you're on your own. The verses tell about putting on the whole armor of God, but you'll notice the verses mention an armor for every part of the body, except the back. So if you turn and run, you're on your own. And that applies to about everything."

Susan Bronkey, 16, The Dalles, Ore.—"I go by the verses in 1 Corinthians 13: 11-13, about 'when I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: But when I became a man, I put away childish things.' I find that when you're bitter or pouting or critical, it's time for you



KEI MATSUKAWA /
... prayed all night



SUSAN BRONKEY /
... love as a base



BLAKE GOULD /
... struggles

settle down and grow up. That everything in life should be based on love, because that's the greatest. I'm somewhat critical and I tend to go by first impressions, which shouldn't count, so these verses really make me think I should grow up and act my age."

Kathy Neese, 17, of Center Point, Ind.—"The first Bible verse I ever learned guides me. It's the 122nd Psalm, verse one: 'I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord.' I was only five when I learned it, but it stuck with me and has come to mean an expression of freedom. The opportunity is there for us all, we just have to go to claim it. And I have another, John 3: 16, 'For God so loved the world that He gave us His only begotten Son.' After my grandfather died, and he had meant so much to me, I was in a turmoil. This passage helped. When you're distressed and downhearted and feel no one cares, it revives you."

Jeff Clarke, 17, of Ripon, Wis.—"2 Corinthians 6: 6-14. 'By pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth. . . . by honor and dishonor. . . .' It represents the true things a Christian should possess and how you should act in all occasions. You can be ethical and practical and still be a good Christian. In February we had a fire in our house. I turned to these verses because I felt responsible. By telling it was my fault, I felt I would be forgiven and understood and I was. In these few verses I can relate to any problem and find how to solve it."

—FIFI GORSKA



GROWING UP

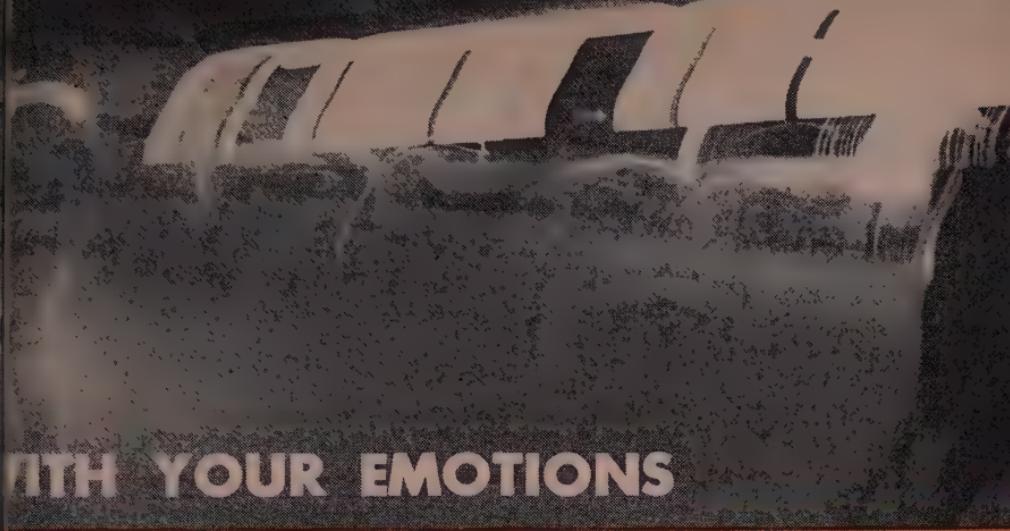
Matt Herron

"I'm tired of being treated like a child!" How often have you wished that your parents or other adults you know would treat you like a grownup? But how really grown up are you? Physically, you're probably nine-tenths as mature as you will eventually be. And in a few years when you reach 21, you'll be legally grown up.

But there is another, far more important, way to measure how grown up you are. It is EMOTIONAL MATURITY. Emotional maturity is not a matter of age—it is a matter of behavior. How you think, act, and behave determines how grown up you really are. Some people are quite mature at 15. Others are still immature at 50. How mature are you?

There are seven signs of the mature person: 1. He is able to deal constructively with reality; 2. He has the ability to adapt to change; 3. He can handle fears, tension, and anxiety; 4. He gets more satisfaction from giving than receiving; 5. He is able to build satisfying relationships with other people; 6. He is able to control his hostile feelings and acts; and 7. He is able to love (and this means more than *romantic love*).

No one person, no matter how mature he is, scores 100 per cent on all of these characteristics. But as he goes through life, he strengthens his weak spots, learns from experience, and keeps sight of his goals. And we don't mean materialistic goals, such as a foreign sports car.



WITH YOUR EMOTIONS

he goals we're talking about add up to self-fulfillment as a person and they usually take most of a lifetime to attain. Sometimes we never attain them.

Although no one can be 100 per cent mature 100 per cent of the time—and this is because no human being is perfect—the people who are truly adult and mature keep striving for this ideal of emotional maturity and self-fulfillment because they know they can come close to it. And they know that by coming close to emotional maturity, they will get satisfactions from life that are the basis for real happiness.

Know thyself, said Socrates, the Greek philosopher. What he meant was: *It is important for you to understand the kind of person you are.* By knowing yourself, you can better control your behavior. Unknowingly, you may do things that antagonize other people. Knowing how you think and behave gives you a better chance to improve your behavior and become a happier person. But don't try to kid yourself, because you're not fooling anyone else. The first big step to becoming a mature person is looking at yourself honestly to see if you still act childish or not.

The ability to handle problems is something we've been developing since babyhood. Through the years we have all come to use psychological tricks to make us appear better in our own eyes and ex-

The first big step to becoming a man

use thoughts and behavior that make us feel uneasy. Most of the time we are unaware that we're using these tricks. Psychologists refer to these automatic devices as *defense mechanisms*. Typical of these techniques are rationalization, projection, and conversion. *Rationalization* is a method of justifying opinions and behavior which make very real sense to us but much less or even no sense to anyone else. We do *projection* when, unknowingly, we accuse another person of our own inadequacies. *Conversion* is when we unconsciously convert our tensions into a headache.

What does all this have to do with maturity? It works this way. The more mature a person is, the less likely he is to overwork these defense mechanisms. He isn't as likely to get headaches or cramps, blame others, or falsely justify his behavior. If we are mature, we do not depend upon defense mechanisms to manage our anxieties.

There is an important part of personality that has a great deal to do with the *amount* of tension and anxiety you feel. That part is the *conscience*. It includes the whole set of values and ethical standards about right and wrong that you have developed through relationships with your parents, church, school and community, and friends. These values act as an "internal policeman," governing what you do and your feelings about your behavior.

A good conscience not only helps you control your impulses and helps keep you out of trouble, but gives you a pat on the back when you've done the right thing. Of course, not all impulses are bad. It's often quite healthy, for instance, to be impatient. A certain amount of dissatisfaction about ourselves or about a situation is often essential for progress. If we weren't unhappy and upset about certain social evils, they would never be changed. As a matter of fact, your own conscience will tell you to stand up against moral and social and economic wrongs. When your conscience does this, you can be sure it's a healthy one and you can really let your conscience be your guide.

FACING REALITY: A big step toward emotional maturity is to develop the ability to deal constructively with reality—the ability to take the world as it is. *Reality* means things as they are, not as we

on is looking at yourself honestly

ke them to be. But how do we deal with reality *constructively*? It means taking both good and bad and making the total better. It means work. The most important things we ever have must be *earned*. Patty has trouble accepting reality: "Oh, if only so-and-so were true, then I could do (or have or be) such-and-such." Patty does a great deal of wishful thinking. Her plans are fanciful dreams. A part of growing up is the ability to give up a world of fantasy—to accept what is instead of always wishing for what might be, or pretending that things really aren't what they are. But how do we prepare ourselves for those moments when life is rough to face? It helps to have grown up in a happy, developed family. But even without this background, a person can build a certain philosophy of life explaining how he fits into the scheme of things. A belief in God and in universal laws is vital. On such a philosophy or framework a person shapes his own code of ethics, his own pattern of living, his own direction in life. A person with a purpose is better prepared to face reality.

ADAPTING TO CHANGE: Rapid change is the most noticeable feature of our country. It is important, therefore, that we know how to adapt ourselves in new situations. All of us have learned to adjust to simple, everyday changes in routine. But the more mature you become, the easier it will be to adapt to bigger, more abrupt changes—entering the military services, going to college, getting a new job, or even changes in the world situation that affects us all. New ideas and new ways of doing things also call for adaptation. Of course, not all changes are good. So we dare not be so flexible that we go along with the crowd when it is wrong. The person with the ability to grow, even into old age, will learn that there is something exciting in having new experiences and discovering new ideas. We need to recognize that we have limitations within ourselves. But the more mature we are, the less worrying we do about the past, the more we make out of the present, and the more courage we have in facing the future.

CONTROLLING OUR HOSTILE FEELINGS: The psychologists say that everyone of us has tremendous energy drives of hate and destruction, yet no person can become mature without learning to control

Are you able to understand and accept peace?

them. How do we learn to handle hostile feelings? Hate is expressed in many ways. We can turn hate upon ourselves by punishing ourselves (overeating, giving up easily, lack of sleep, self-neglect). We often turn hate on the people we love most (or profess to love) in our family. Refusing to accept your share of responsibility at home is an example. And we "take it out" on our friends and classmates, unfairly and unjustifiably. Sometimes we find one person who acts as a "scapegoat" for our hatred. This may be the kid at school who is the butt of all jokes. A larger-scale example of this is the bigotry of one group toward another. We can see a great deal of evidence of both disguised and very open hate in our society. In fact, none of us ever really grows up to be able, in more than a small way, to "love our neighbors as ourselves." Some expressions of hate are healthy—when you get angry at crime, injustice, unfairness, persecution. The person who is emotionally mature has learned to turn the energy derived from his hostile instincts into creative and constructive outlets. Psychologists call this *sublimation*. It's not easy to find such outlets. But if we do not discover such outlets, these feelings can become so bottled up that they lead to a breakdown. At school such outlets are gym classes, sports classes in art and shop. Creating things—music, paintings, handwork of all types—provides ways to express our feelings. Also good are church, community, and cultural activities. But no matter what the outlet is, if it is to serve its purpose as an outlet, it must also bring joy and satisfaction to the doer. Many jobs bring us real satisfaction. This is as it should be. But when this satisfaction disappears, work becomes a drudgery and efficiency goes down."

GIVING AND LOVING: Our capacity to love is the most important single sign of emotional maturity. *Love* in this sense means the all-embracing attitude toward the world and especially toward the people with whom we live and work and play. This capacity to love begins in early childhood. When we have received the love of our parents, it is a natural feeling to return that love. But when people grow up without receiving much love, they are handicapped emotionally. Basically, however, each of us wants to be loved, cared for, and respected. And anyone who really wants to learn how to love will

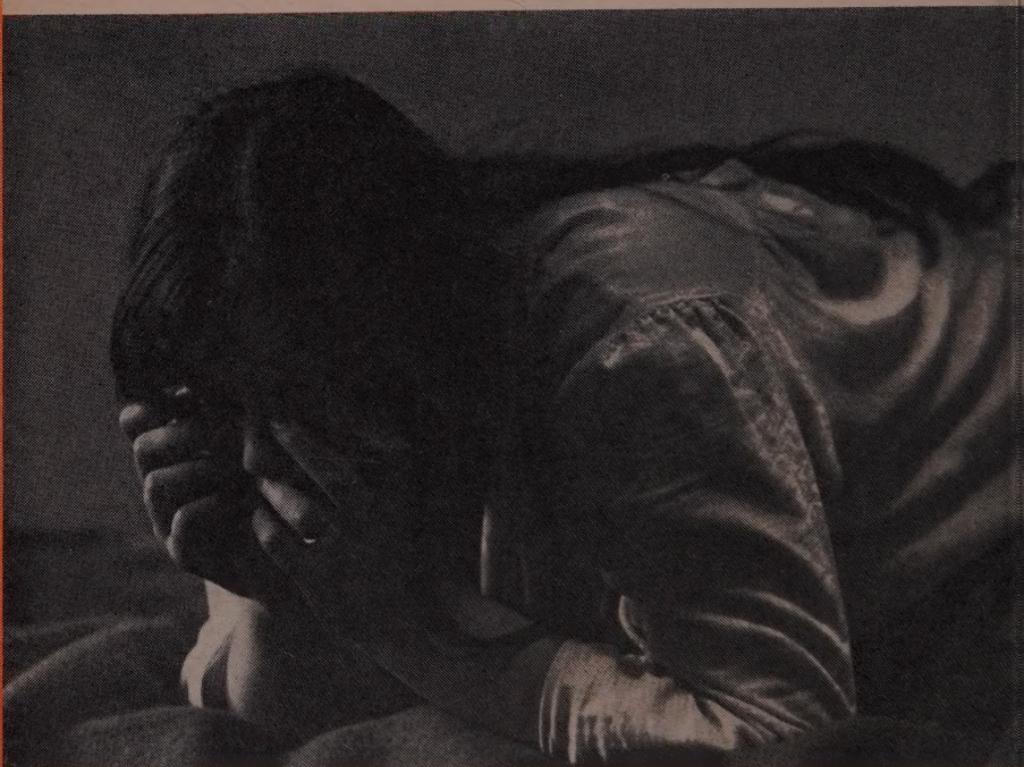
Though they are different from you?

probably find himself increasingly successful in winning the love and respect of others. The love we are talking about goes hand in hand with true charity, patience, understanding, and kindness. Anyone who seeks to achieve these characteristics in his own personality will become more mature emotionally. There is something like a miracle in being able to give love. It is this: The more you give, the more you receive.

GETTING ALONG WITH OTHERS: How well you get along with others is largely dependent on how well you can *relate* yourself to people. This simply means being able to understand and accept people even though they are different from you. But you do not have to agree with others or even approve of some of their actions in order to respect them. What you *do* need is to identify with others—not for the sake of being like them—but in order to understand them. People who look down on those of a different social, racial, or economic group have not fully developed their ability to relate themselves to others. The kind of person whom others instinctively like and trust is sincere, dependable, honest, humble, modest, with a sense of humor and the ability to accept criticism. The mature person can *give of himself* to others, rather than demand from them. Ideally, the mature person can get along with practically anybody. Yet some people have special difficulties with certain groups—little children, older persons, perhaps the opposite sex. If you acknowledge your problem and honestly try to put yourself in the other person's shoes, you'll take a long step toward maturity. We need to think more often of the other person. What can we do for others? How can we best express our appreciation for a favor done or an act of friendship? Do we see the many "good turns" we could do for others? How can we be helpful? When such thoughts become a part of our everyday living, and when the thoughts which stem from such thinking become almost automatic, then we have reached a high point of maturity. —WILLIAM C. MENNINGER

.. WILLIAM C. MENNINGER / As one of the pillars of the Menninger Clinic and Foundation of Topeka, Kans., Dr. Menninger is a highly-respected psychiatrist. This article is reprinted by permission from the Life Adjustment Booklet, "Growing Up Emotionally," written by Dr. William C. Menninger and published and copyrighted by Science Research Associates.

Help me to be me . . .



In moments of loneliness, O God, help me to know your presence. When I have made a mistake, help me to know the cleansing of confession and the healing of forgiveness. When I'm all mixed up, help me to see things as they really are and not simply as I'd like them to be. When life lacks meaning for me, nourish my confidence in the existence and goodness of your purpose for this world and for me. When the crowd is against me, help me to know the right thing to do and give me the courage to do it. When I cannot get along with others, help me to see beyond our differences and accept them as fellow human beings, even though our differences may always be there. And when I am blind to the needs of those around me, O God, stab my conscience, soften my compassion, and make me to help. Amen.